

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:

(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amities.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deces'd:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie
With a neere ayne, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes

And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northerland*, then falle to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities:
And that same word, euen now cries out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and *Northerland*,
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord):
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of the feared: Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I haue receiued
A certaine intelligence, that *Glendower* is dead:
Your Maiestie hath bene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howtes perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) ynto the Holy Land.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Shallow* and *Silence*: with *Mouldie*, *Shadow*,
and *Wart*, *Feeble*, *Bull-calfs*.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your
Hand, Sir: giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
the Rood, And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.
Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*).
Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
is become a good Scholler: hee is at Oxford still, is hee
not?

Sil. Indeepe Sir, to my doyle.
Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
was once of *Clements* Inne: where (I thinke) they will
talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Part*,
and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cor-fal-man, you
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
the *Bona-Roba*'s were, and had the best of them all at
a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Nor-*
folke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Cousin) that comes hither anon-
about Souldiers?
Shal. The same Sir *Iohn*, the very same: I saw him
breake *Scoggin's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
a Crack, not thus high, and the very same day did I fight
with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde *Crey-*
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin).
Shal. Certaine: tis certaine: very sure, very sure.
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye: How a good Yoke
of Bullocks at *Stamford Payre*?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.
Shal. Death is certaine: tis olde *Double* of your Towne
living yet? or tis olde *Double* of your Towne
living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.
Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine shoote. *Iohn* of *Gaunt* loved
him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?
hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at *Twelue* score, and
carried you a fore-hand shaft at foureteene, and foure-
teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
good to seee: How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
may be worth teene pounds.
Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falstaffes* Men (as I
thinke).
Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.
Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Equire of this
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-
ted, then with a Wife.
Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede it
is: good phrases are surely, and euery where very com-
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommoda-*
very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

Enter *Falstaffe*.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good
hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares
very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Robert Shal-*
low. Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?
Shal. No Sir *Iohn*, tis my Cofin *Silence*: in Commis-
on with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of
the peace.
Sil. Your good Worships is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
provided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we Sir: Will you Sir?
Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:
yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call:
let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is
Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.
Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limbe'd fel-
low, young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?
Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
die, lacke vs: very singular good. Well saide Sir *Iohn*,
very well saide.

Fal. Pricke him.
Moul. I was pricke well enough before, if you could
haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
not to haue pricke me, there are other men fitter to goe
out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*,
it is time you were spent.
Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you
where you are? For the other Sir *Iohn*: Let me see: *Simon*
Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to
be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?
Shad. Heere Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?
Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow
of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers
substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *Iohn*?
Fal. *Shadow* will serue for Summer: pricke him: For
wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vpp the Muster-
Booke.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*?
Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere Sir.
Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea Sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,
Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparrell is built vpon
his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: pricke
him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it Sir: you can doe it: I
commend you well.

Francis Feeble.
Feeble. Heere Sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?
Feeble. A Womans Taylor Sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, Sir?
Fal. You may:

But if he had bene a mans Taylor, he would haue pricke'd
you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
taile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?

Feeble. I will doe my good will Sir, you can haue no
more.

Fal. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde
Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-
full Doue, or most magnanimous Moule. Pricke the wo-
mans Taylour well Master *Shallow*, deepe Master *Shal-*
low.

Feeble. I would ~~not~~ might haue gone Sir.
Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might
mend him, and make him Sir to goe. I cannot put him to
a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-
sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is
the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalfs* of the Greene.
Fal. Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcalfs*.

Bul. Heere Sir.
Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow: Come, pricke me *Bul-*
calfs till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.
Fal. What? do't thou roare before th'art pricke'd.

Bul. Oh Sir, I am a diseased man.
Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold Sir, a cough Sir, which I caught
with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation
day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Cowne:
we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order,
that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number:
you must haue but foure heere Sir, and so I pray you go in
with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master
Shallow.

Shal. O Sir *Iohn*, doe you remember since wee lay, all
night in the Winde-mill, in *S Georges* Field.

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No
more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Lane Night-*
worke aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.
Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could
not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a
Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choole but be
old: